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Sally Salisbury's LETTER TO FRANK RIG.

FRIDAY, *May* 10. 1723.

I Have just now receiv'd the following extraordinary Epistle, inclos'd in a Direction to my self; with a Desire to communicate it immediately to the Publick.

SALLY SALISBURY to FRANK RIG.

AMONGST well-bred People, you know, dear *Frank*, much Ceremony is offensive; and since you and I have kept the politest Company of this Age, I shall not Attempt to make any Apology for this Freedom; but dismissing all Punctilios, correspond with you in a gallant and easie Manner.

Persons so fam'd, and so well distinguish'd, as we have been, are in a manner acquainted before they come together, and frequently exchange Sentiments with each other, without the Formality of an Interview: The least Stiffness on either Side, would detract from the Sprightliness of our Genius and Character, after the World has acknowledg'd that we in our respective Callings have distanc'd the boldest of our Predecessors.

None of your awful Airs, dear *Frank*, for they are all lost upon me; I have been so long accustom'd to converse with People of the first Rank, in this familiar Way, that neither Difference of Garb, Title, or prescriptive Veneration, makes any Change in my Style, or manner of Address: When I am pleas'd, no one can behave with greater Civility; but when disoblig'd am more likely to call a Man Pimp, than my Lord.

However, to be ingenuous with you, I had rather be in your Esteem, than under your Displeasure; there seems to be so near a Resemblance between us in several Actions of Life, in our Morals, Behaviour, Arts of engaging, and the various Measures of Delusion, that they have justly given you the Precedence of all others in my Affection, and make me eager to compare Notes with you.

I could open my self to you with more Freedom, than any other Person, because we are both of the same Principles in Religion, and *Politicks:* but I am forc'd to be upon my Guard, when I consider the Distance of our Situations, and that it is next to an Impossibility to convey any Schemes to you with any Certainty of Success.

I blame my Mother extremely for not bringing me up to Short-Hand, and cannot sufficiently deplore my Waste of Time amongst the Men, in not having learn'd the perfect Use of the Pen: I am told you have an exelent Talent at Cyphers; if we could contrive to settle a Key betwixt us, what a fine moral Correspondence might be carry'd on? What Secrets of another Kind? Which would surprize even a Man of your Intelligence.

You have heard without doubt, that I am a Girl of Mettle, and of an extraordinary Nature; and had my Education been proportion'd to my Genius, I would have outdone *Donna Olympia*, and wore the Purple with a better Grace than Pope *Joan*; and I'Faith thou shouldst have been a Cardinal of my own making.

I assure you it has been no small Relief to me under his Confinement, that a Person of your Desert, and one of my Profession, were in equal Circumstance[illegible] and to show you how strong the Sympathy runs [illegible] twe:n us on all Occasions, I bore the first [illegible] Fortnight of my Restraint with perfect Resignation, till I heard you began to grow mutinous in your Quarters, and then my Fingers itch'd to be handling the Flask, or the Bottle, upon the least Provocation.

I believe dear *Frank*, it will be no difficult Matter to run the Parellel pretty even between us in most Actions of *Life*: That you and I have been two of the greatest *Bites* of this Age in our several Callings, is a settled Preliminary. Don't flinch *Frank*, —— That we have likewise either assum'd, or have had more travelling Names impos'd on us, than most Ladies on the *common Side* of the Garrison I am at present confin'd to: As I acquir'd the merry Name of *Bel Chuck* upon a memorable Occasion, so I think you gain'd those of *Father* and *Fryar*, upon as remarkable ones.

As we have both been oblig'd to appear in promiscuous Company, and show often in publick, it was necessary to have some exterior Graces; and to speak the Truth, Nature has done her Part by us both in in that Particular. But I'm vex'd to hear the malicious World approve our Persons with this partial Character, that our Outside is the best Part of us:

Our Enemies still acknowledge us to have the Arts of Perswasion above any in our respective Callings, and admire our Voices: They own I talk very agreeably for half an Hour, and the Generality say the same of you; but I reckon my Province more laborious, because I add a certain Vehemence of Gesture to the powerful Engagements of my Tongue.

Tho' you are much the older *Bite* of the two, yet I believe it would puzzle a good Arithmetician, to tell which of us has made the most *Bubbles* in our several Ways of Life; but we will have no Quarrel about the Number, because we took them in by the same Methods.

As I keep all Fellows at a Distance by an affected Modesty, so do you maintain a false Port by a well-lac'd Gravity. This exact Behaviour makes them fancy me an Angel, and that there is something extraordinary under my Cloths, especially when I dress in my white Damask Suit: You have the same Views, dear *Frank*, when you put on your long *Morisco* Habit.--'s all to captivate the Vulgar, and make the Aproach to your Person more difficult.

When a bashful young Put is introduced to my Company, I remit a little of my Disguise, let fall a couple of my stately Airs, and flesh the Novice with half a Dozen Kisses; so do you stroke the Head and face of the tame submissive Creature, who appears before you with Reverence: but when a Malapert Fellow, who is Master of your Craft, presumes to Fason with you on that Head, you are sick of him as am of a Bully, and leave him as an improper Tool to work on.

When the obsequious Creature is on his Knees, ooing for the untasted Bliss, I entreat him to rise, tho' I'm heartily pleased with the Adoration; so you eat the prostrate *Devotee*, and assist him to recover s Posture, whilst you are tickled with the unmerited omage.

The Blessings which you and I bestow being meer ancies, chiefly depending upon the Imagination, we ways rate them by the Opinion of our Admirers; nd so a Toy often becomes preferrable to a more seful Commodity.

In the intriguing part of my Life, dear *Frank*, the World says you have exceeded me. It's true, I have worn a thousand Oaths to my kind *Keeper*, to warant my Sincerity; but when I have seen a younger Fellow, and one that would give me a finer Equipage, I have renounced the kind good-natur'd Thing, and his Interest, tho' I still received his Allowance in Conjunction with that of my new Favourites. The same Breaches of Promise have you been guilty of to your Master after a thousand Oaths of Fidelity and Abjurations of all other Interests; but with this surprising Difference, that what I did flow'd meerly from Vanity and an Apprehension of Want, what you have done has proceded from the Dictates of a mischievous Spirit, having a noble Income, and so not liable to the same Temptation.

When my Letters to a new Lover happen to be intercepted, I defy my kind Keeper to fix upon me the least Breach of Honour or Fidelity; for I always employ a Bawd to write whilst I dictate, and then I affect the utmost Surprize upon the Charge, call Gods and Demi-Gods to witness for the Sincerity of my Heart, tho' he knows my Style, Manner of Thinking, and has trac'd the Messenger from my Lodgings to the Place of Appointment: I am told, you have a very indulgent Master, and that you have often serv'd him so. I do not mention this to reproach you, but only to remind you, that when a Woman falls from her Modesty, and a B—— from his Virtue, the Faith and Sincerity of both are much alike.

One Point I must resign to you without a Parly which is the deliberate Invocation of God's Name to the Furtherance of your wicked Intentions whenever it should please him to restore you to your former Health; to my Praise be it spoken, I never yet could go those Lengths: For I well remember, during the time of my Refinement in Mother *Wyburn*'s Cellar, an audacious Thought stole in upon me, of renewing my Acquaintance with the Flesh, if it should be my good Fortune to recover; but I suppress'd it.

This Shock however might proceed from a Tenderness of Years, and want of a due Familiarity with you; for I believe by Complexion *I* am as capable of being hardened as your self, therefore let me conjure you not to despair of me.

Besides I have reason to think there is more hopes of me than any other Proselyte: For when I first became acquainted with Mankind, my faith was wavering; but after I had worn off the last Struggles of Modesty, and was determined to Common Life I found it incumbent upon me to declare my self a strenious *High-Church Woman.*

In right of that principle, I may presume upon any reasonable Favour at your Hands; the greatest of which, if I might be permitted to chuse, should be that of a strict Correspondence with you: Common Humanity would almost engage you to it, when you consider how nauseous the Conversation of a Turnkey or an Ordinary must be to a Woman of my refin'd Taste.

I am impatient for your Advice upon the present Situation of my Affairs: The World agrees that you have a fine secular Head, and Excellent at Evasions: Oh! for a lucky Expedient, if you are not too intent upon the Safety of your own dear Person.

I find the Vapours begin to rise thick upon me in spight of the *Sal Volatile* Bottle, and a Qualm is just seizing the Left Side of my Conscience; therefore am obliged to conclude abruptly,

Dear FRANK,

Your sole Admirer,

SALLY.

N. B. To Morrow will be publish'd *Frank Rig*'s Answer.

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